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No. 451.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 20 ROSE STREET, N. Y.
New York, August 29, 1881.

{ PRICE
5 CENTS. }

Vol. I.



THE
TRUE LIFE
OF

BILLY THE KID

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THE TRUE LIFE OF BILLY THE KID.

By DON JENARDO.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY—THE FIRST MURDER.

THE West has always been prolific in criminals. Scarce is one noted character swept away from earth, ere another comes to take his place. A land that is stranger to civilization, and where the strong arm of the law seldom reaches its victim, where might is right, can not do otherwise than breed hosts of such characters, as those whose biography we have set out to write.

Billy the Kid's true name was William McCarthy. He was born in the State of New York (some have located his birthplace as the City of New York, but this is doubtless a mistake) in year A. D. 1859 or 1860.

When Billy was a very small boy, his father emigrated to the Territory of New Mexico, and settled his family in Silver City, Grant County. There were but three children in the family, two sons and a daughter. Billy was the youngest of the three. He has a sister and a brother still living in the Territory.

The brother, whose name is John McCarthy, is a miner, and regarded by all who know him as an honest, fair-dealing man. His sister has married a respectable miner, and in fact Billy seems to be the only black sheep in the entire flock.

His father was poor, and the entire family were compelled to "put their shoulders to the wheel," to assist in making a living. Billy was young and exceedingly small for his age, so it was very difficult to find anything for him to do. He had a passion for horses, and soon became one of the best riders in all the country. He readily found employment in assisting the herders, or cow boys as they are called, in herding cattle.

It was the cow boys who gave the lad the euphonious cognomen of Billy the Kid. Billy was a delicate looking child, with a thin pale face, slender frame, light blue eyes, and fair hair. He was the last person one would take to be a desperado.

His voice was soft and effeminate, his hands, though exposed to wind and weather, always seemed soft as a woman's.

He readily became a favorite of the rough cow boys, and there is no doubt but what it was his earlier associations with them that led him to seek the mad lawless career that finally brought him to ruin and death.

The rough men frequently furnished the lad with liquor. They thought it fine sport to see the "Kid on a high." Billy's father died when the boy was thirteen years of age, and his mother married a man named Henry Antum. Shortly after her marriage she moved to Georgetown, New Mexico, where she still resides.

The lad never lived with his step-father, merely spending a few weeks there when out of employment.

One day, when fifteen years of age, he found himself out of employment and money. As he was "loafing" about

Silver City, he met an acquaintance named Tom O'Fallaher, from Texas, who was in the same condition.

"What shall we do?" asked the Kid.

"Dun no," answered Tom, who, though of Irish descent, had none of the brogue about him. "Are ye flat broke?"

"Not a dust," answered the Kid.

"We might strike a job," said Tom.

"Yes, but I want to make it faster than that," the Kid replied.

"How?"

"Hold still, Tom, and I'll tell ye."

"Go in, then."

"Joe Taylor, who keeps the store here, has lots o' dust. He keeps it in the drawer in his store. *Quien sabe?*"

"You bet, Billy, I'll go yer halvers."

The compact was made, and as thoroughly understood as if they had spent weeks in concocting the plan.

Consequently that night, provided with tools, the young burglars entered the door of the store by cutting the lock out, and had just pried open the money drawer, when Joe Taylor, who slept in the rear room, was aroused by the noise.

Seeing the youthful burglars, he made a swoop upon them, and seized the Kid by the throat. O'Fallaher made his escape. A complaint was at once preferred against Billy, and he lodged in jail.

He was very small for his age, and soon won the sympathy of the jailer's wife, and more especially of his daughter, the beautiful, dark-eyed Nettie.

She visited the little fellow in his confinement, and as she noticed his pale cheeks growing paler day by day it was no wonder that her heart went out toward the criminal.

"Are you lonely here, Billy?" she asked one day, as she brought him dinner to his cell.

"I am," he responded, in a tone very sad and feeble.

"Would you like me to visit you oftener?"

"I would," he answered, "but, Nettie, there is something I prefer even to your sweet presence. Something I must have or die."

"What?" she asked.

"Liberty. Confinement in the dungeon is slowly wearing my life away. I cannot endure it much longer, and if you would not see me taken away from here dead, then provide some way whereby I can escape living."

Nettie shed tears; she told her mother what the poor lit the prisoner had said, and they wept together over his sad fate.

"Something must be done for him, mother," said Nettie.

"He must not be left to languish and die there alone in that horrible cell."

The mother studied the matter over, and then agreed with her daughter to aid the prisoner to escape. Many other women than Mrs. Jones have made the same blunder. A too tender heart has often given many criminals their liberty, and turned them out to prey upon society.

A plan was arranged, and put into execution, by which

Billy, who being very slender, crawled out at the jail chimney.

Nettie and her mother furnished him with clothes, and, after kissing his fair rescuer, and promising to ever give her the warmest corner in his heart, he left Silver City.

The night was intensely dark, but the Kid was a stranger to fear.

He made his way to Arizona, where he engaged as herder, on the rancho of a Mr. Mason.

Here he labored for two years in a quiet and unassuming manner. When he was about seventeen years of age the fickle-minded youth, forgetting Nettie, placed his affections on a Mexican senorita named Quiseta.

Whether the attachment of the youth was an ardent, honest one, or merely a passing fancy, is not exactly known.

The character of the senorita has been questioned, and yet we are inclined to believe that, if understood, Senorita Quiseta was no more than the common, dashing belle of the present day.

Lacking in culture, she made it up with her beauty and excellent voice.

Billy was desperately in love with her, and perhaps, had his affections been returned, he might have settled down to a quiet life and made a good citizen.

But a young miner named Frank Douglass, with broader shoulders, higher brow, and finer form, won the Mexican beauty's heart.

Douglass and Senorita Quiseta were betrothed, and the day of their wedding fixed. A Mexican Catholic priest was asked to officiate at the services, and Billy the Kid, who professed to be a friend of Frank Douglass, invited to be present.

On the very day before the wedding was to take place, the Kid invited Frank to take a hunt on the prairie for deer. They crossed a narrow chain of hills and mountains on their horses, and had shot a buck and were returning.

On the way back they were compelled to cross a small rivulet.

"Is not that clear water, Frank?" asked the Kid.

"It is," was Frank's reply.

"Would you not like to drink of it?"

"I would, for I am thirsty." Handing the rein to Billy, the young man dismounted and stooped down over the spring to drink.

With a devilish grin on his face, the Kid drew his pistol and aimed it directly at the head of the kneeling man.

"Crack!" went the pistol, and young Douglass fell forward on his face, shot through the brain.

Billy the Kid had committed his first murder, but not unobserved.

The beautiful senorita, not a hundred yards away, had witnessed the dastardly act, and with a piercing scream she ran down to the brook, and threw herself on the prostrate body.

Billy fled, and was pursued by an armed body of men, but succeeded in making his escape into New Mexico.

CHAPTER II.

THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR.

Just at the time of the first atrocious murder committed by Billy the Kid, the Lincoln County War, in the Territory of New Mexico, broke out, and for a while raged with uncontrollable fury.

The war originated among the leading herdsmen, and was disgraceful and ferocious in the extreme. It originated in the determination of old John Chisum, the great cattle king, and his partner, Alexander McSwain, to establish a monopoly in the cattle-grazing business. They drove eighty thousand head of cattle into the Pecos Valley.

The herds of the smaller ranchers were swept away by the rolling avalanche of hoofs and horns.

Ranches or herds of a few hundred head would be swept

on with the invincible tide, and it was useless to attempt to reclaim them.

In vain the smaller herdsmen complained to Chisum and McSwain that they were being robbed; in vain they sought by fair means to regain their animals.

The law could not reach them, and but one result must follow. Collisions were the result between the rancheros, and not unfrequently bloody.

At last all the smaller herdsmen, in order to meet the coming tidal wave, joined their fortunes with the firm of Murphy, Dolan & Co.

Both sides enlisted all the men they could, and preparations were made for a severe struggle.

One evening, as the little army of Chisum & McSwain was encamped on the banks of a creek, a small being, more boy than man, was seen to advance toward the camp.

The cow boys and rancheros looked on him with not a little curiosity. He was mounted on a black mustang, a powerful animal for both speed and endurance. He was not over five feet and two inches in height, had a rather sallow complexion, caused doubtless by exposure to the weather.

Had a belt about his waist which supported a pair of silver-mounted revolvers, and a long two-edged knife. Holsters were at his saddle bow which contained two more pistols, and he carried in his hand a short repeating rifle. There was a strap attached to the rifle by which he could support it on his back when he desired.

"Who is that strange-lookin' cuss?" said a cow boy, as the horseman continued to advance in a fearless manner.

"Hold up there," said a youthful desperado, springing from his seat on the grass, and shading his eyes with his hands. "I know him."

"Who is he, Tom?"

"Billy the Kid, who was put in jail in Silver City two years ago, and broke out."

"What's he doin' here?" growled the first speaker.

"Dunno," answered Tom. "But I'll bet we kin get him on our side. I know Billy, an' he is just the chap that old Chisum wants."

He left the others and ran out on the plain toward the horseman. Seeing him coming, Billy drew rein and prepared for the meeting, be it hostile or friendly.

"Hello, Billy, how are ye?" cried Tom.

The Kid was astonished at meeting on his return no other person than his friend and former associate, Tom O'Fallagher.

"Hey, Tom, old pard, glad to see ye," cried the Kid, spurring his mustang, and galloping alongside his friend.

He sprang from his saddle, and the meeting of these young desperados was affecting.

"Where have ye been, Billy?" asked Tom.

"Over in Arizona."

"What doin'?"

"As a ranchero."

"When did ye leave?"

"Two days ago."

"Got into a little fuss, eh?"

"Yes, had a row with a chap about a Mexican girl."

"You came out ahead, did ye?"

"You bet I did, with a gang o' about two hundred devils after me," laughed the reckless Kid.

"Well, Billy, I'm glad ye come."

"Why, Tom, some new game up?"

"Yes, we're hev'in' a reg'lar war here, an' old Chisum is payin' the highest price for good marksmen."

"I'll jest suit him then, an' he'll suit me," said the Kid.

"If anybody should come after ye, Billy, ye'll be perfectly safe here."

"Well, I don't know but what I'd as soon kill them as is after me as not, but if old Chisum hez money to pay fur blood, he couldn't strike a better chap than me."

"Well, Billy, he'll do it."

"I've got a taste, Tom, an' I like it. I loved a girl,

another fellow got ahead of me, an' I shot him down and left. I'm in for more o' the same kind o' work."

"Then let's go back an' hunt up old John."

Old John was found, and Billy the Kid was employed as one of the herdsmen of Chisum and McSwain, which was only another name for murderer and cattle-thief.

The next day they moved the immense herd upon the higher grounds. As they advanced, two hundred armed men were seen guarding a large drove of cattle upon an elevation about three miles distant.

"Them fellers have some of our cattle over there," said old John Chisum as he rode along in front of his cow boys.

"Let's take 'em then," cried Tom.

"That is jest what I want you to do," said old John.

With a wild shout, Billy the Kid, and his no less dauntless partner, galloped away over the plain, making a circuit and coming in on the left wing of the herdsmen. The spot was unguarded and the cracks of their long whips stamped and put to the run about one hundred head of cattle.

The herdsmen discovered them, and came sweeping down on the young cattle thieves. Dashing into the midst of the fleeing animals, Billy and Tom threw themselves flat on their horses back to back, and with their repeating rifles opened fire on the herders.

Even old John was astonished at such a daring feat, and herdsmanship.

"Crack, crack, crack!" rang out their rifles with remarkable rapidity, and the pursuing herdsmen began to fall.

"Crack, crack, crack, crack!" rang out a score of rifles from the pursuers; their bullets flew over the young horsemen and killed or wounded the cattle.

The volley only tended to increase the speed of the flying animals, and drive them from the real owners to the cattle thieves.

The result of the daring act was three of Murphy, Dolan & Co.'s men unhorsed, and one hundred head of cattle stolen.

The pursuers paused, and seeing that nothing but an actual engagement would recover the lost property, began a consultation of war.

The forces were equally matched, and old John ordered his men to be ready to defend their property from the ravages of the marauders.

"Ye did well, youngster," he said, to Billy the Kid, grasping him by the hand. "You and your partner are worth your weight in gold. Now we are goin' to hev a battle with them thieves, I want you to preserve yer good reputation."

A fight on the plains among the cow-boys is always bloody. The cow-boy is a strange specimen of the genus homo. Part civilian, part soldier, and in many cases thief.

He is a crack shot with the rifle, and an expert horseman. Some are honest, and seek by this wild exciting life to make an honest living, yet many are given to plunder.

The temptation to swoop down on an unprotected ranche and drive off the fat herds is great.

The men who had just suffered by the daring act of the Kid and his "pard," were exasperated beyond endurance.

Not only were they enraged at the loss of their stock, but their pride was piqued at being outwitted, and run into by a pair of kids, as they term boys. A fight was inevitable.

Old John was not loath for an engagement. He spoke a few words of encouragement to his men, though that was scarcely necessary, and then the line was formed.

Not much military skill was used or required by either. It was simply to form two lines and sweep down like an avalanche on each other.

Billy the Kid rode by the side of his employer. With a wild shout old John Chisum's herders dashed forward upon Murphy, Dolan & Co.

The conflict is almost indescribable. It was a charge that had about it the fury of the whirlwind.

A crashing volley of rifle shots, falling men, plunging horses, cries of wounded and groans of dying.

The Kid's rifle cracked repeatedly, and through the floating clouds of smoke could be seen a herdsman fall at each shot.

His repeating-rifle empty, he grasped the rein in his teeth, and, with a pistol in each hand, dashed forward like a fiend incarnate.

"Crack, crack, crack!" rang out the pistol shots right and left among the foe, until he struck their line like an avalanche.

Murphy, Dolan & Co. could not withstand the onslaught, and their herders fled, leaving the plain strewn with their cattle in the hands of their enemy.

CHAPTER III.

THE KID AS AN OFFICER.

ALL through the Lincoln County war no man was more blood-thirsty or faithful to the cause of his employer than the youth Billy.

The war finally terminated, or at least there was a cessation of hostilities. Everything was favorable to the boasting cattle kings. They were permitted to keep the largest portion of the stolen property.

Instead of being brought to justice, old John Chisum became an influential man on the frontier, figuring even with high officers and politicians.

Through his influence Billy the Kid was appointed constable in February, 1879.

It was now to be hoped that the reckless youth would somewhat mend his way, and become a respected citizen.

He still, however, served his master with the same savage ferocity. Old John Chisum was jealous of other cattle dealers in the valley, and never lost a chance to harrass and annoy them.

Thomas Catron, formerly of Lafayette county, Missouri, and Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, once a delegate in Congress, had large herds in the Pecos valley.

William Morton and Frank Baker were two honest herdsmen in their employ, and had always been faithful to the interests of their employers.

Chisum had employed every means known to a cunning man to steal these herders from Catron and Elkins, but without avail. They were not to be bought with gold, and resented all the advances of the old scoundrel with scorn.

Going before a magistrate he swore out a warrant against Morton and Baker, charging them with stealing cattle from his herds. The charge was false, but he had his plans for revenge.

The warrant was placed in the hands of Billy.

"You had better take a deputy with you," said the magistrate, when the warrant was put in Billy's hands.

"No," the youthful officer answered, "I will be equal to two such rascals as they."

"Here is McCluskey, he can go with you as well as not."

"I don't want him," said the Kid, with a strange smile on his face, "yet he can go if he will take the chances."

"That fellow is a perfect demon," said the magistrate to himself, as Billy went away with McCluskey; "I believe he loves to kill."

Billy and McCluskey mounted their horses and rode over to the cattle ranche of Catron and Elkin.

"Is William Morton and Frank Baker here?" he asked, of a cow-boy near.

"There they stand," said the herder, pointing to two men not far away.

"Surrender! you are my prisoners!" he cried, drawing his revolver instead of his writ.

The men looked up, not a little alarmed, but seeing that it was the constable, one of them replied:

"We surrender, of course, to an officer of the law, but would like to know with what we are charged?"

"Stealing cattle," he answered, with an oath, holding his pistol in a threatening manner, at their heads.

"Put up your pistol, Billy," said McCluskey. "They surrender, they will go with you, without trouble."

"Shut up your mouth, McCluskey," growled the Kid. "I am constable not you." But for the time being he put his pistol in his belt.

The prisoners were made to walk in front of Billy and McCluskey.

"Now if you make the least effort to escape, I will shoot you both down in the road."

"We shall make no effort to escape," replied William Morton. "We have committed no crime, and we shall not run from any."

"You lie you—scoundrel!" cried Billy, with an oath. "You stole cattle from John Chisum and Alec McSwain."

"No we never," Baker answered.

"You lie, you scoundrel," thundered the enraged boy, "and if you deny it again, I will shoot you dead in your tracks."

He snatched his Colt's revolver from his belt, and cocked it, waving it about in a threatening manner.

"Come, come, Billy," said McCluskey, "you must remember you are an officer of the law now. You should not allow your temper to get away with you. These men are your prisoners and you should treat them like men, not as brutes."

Billy flew into a rage and swore as only a cow-boy of long experience can, concluding with:

"I'll kill 'em yet, before I get 'em to the magistrate, —'em!"

"No you won't, Billy, not while I am along."

"You! why you — cowardly whelp, I'll shoot you if you interfere in my affairs," the Kid replied.

The men walked slowly along, trembling every moment in fear of their lives. When near the rancho of John Chisum the constable said:

"This is near enough."

"What do you intend to do?" asked McCluskey.

"Shoot 'em down," was the Kid's reply.

"That will be murder."

"Murder thunder, that's Chisum's orders, and they must be obeyed," the lad replied.

"You shall not harm a hair of their heads, Billy," said McCluskey, with determination.

"I shan't, eh! Who'll hinder me?"

"I will."

"You, now, see here, Sam McCluskey, you have just said that enough. Open your mouth again for these cowardly coyotes, an' I'll drop you to the sod."

"I will, while I live, defend the helpless men."

Billy drew his pistol, and McCluskey grabbed for his, but the boy murderer was too quick for him.

The Kid's slender arm shot out, putting the pistol almost against the head of McCluskey.

"Bang!" went the pistol.

The deputy constable fell from his horse, and the animal dashed wildly away.

The prisoners, seeing that death was sure, took to their heels.

Taking deliberate aim at Morton he fired. The man fell screaming to the earth, with a broken spine.

Leaving him, the Kid put spurs to his horse and overtook Baker. With the rein in his teeth, and a pistol in each hand, he actually riddled him with bullets. He then returned and shot Morton through the head.

Dismounting, he dipped his finger in the blood, and made two cross marks on his writ; then, mounting his horse, rode to the office of the magistrate.

"Where are your prisoners?" asked the justice.

"I left 'em," replied the Kid, with the grin of a devil.

"You did not arrest them, eh? Well, what return do you make on the writ?"

"I have already made my mark on the writ, you can fill it out," he said, coolly, drawing forth the paper, and showing the two crosses made with the blood of his victims.

"Great God!" cried the justice, "you have killed them. Where is McCluskey?"

"Ah! I forgot to make one for him," replied the Kid, with a hideous leer.

"Murderer!" shrieked the magistrate, "get out of my presence!" and the frightened justice fled through the rear door of his office.

With the laugh of a demon, Billy the Kid went out to his horse, vaulted into the saddle, and rode away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHERIFF'S FATE.

The triple murder incensed the officers of the law, and a warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Brady and his deputy George Hindman.

After making the ghostly return to his writ, Billy the Kid rode directly to the rancho of old John Chisum.

The ranchman met him at the door, and asked him if he had succeeded.

"I have," was the reply.

"How?"

"They are both dead."

"Did you kill Morton and Baker?"

"I did, and more, too."

"Who?"

"I shot McCluskey."

"Heavens, boy! what did you do that for?"

"He was in the way, and the chance was too good to be lost," replied the desperado, with a cruel laugh.

"You young monster," said Chisum, in a tone which showed he was not altogether displeased, "you will have all the bloodhounds in the country on you."

"I will be ready for them," said the youthful daredevil.

Dismounting, he went into the rancho of his employer, and returned with his repeating rifle.

"If any man pursues me, just tell him to come on," said the Kid, mounting his horse and galloping away.

Scarce was he out of sight before the sheriff and his deputy came up to old Chisum.

"Have you seen Billy this morning?" the sheriff asked.

"He was here a few moments ago," replied the old sinner.

"Which way did he go?"

"I did not notice."

"Is there any one here who can tell us anything of his whereabouts now?"

"No, I am sure there is not."

"Well, Chisum," said the sheriff, evidently vexed at the unconcerned manner of the cattle king, "you had better be a little more interested in this matter, for I tell you plainly, you are suspicious of concealing the Kid."

"Is he wanted?" asked Chisum, with assumed surprise.

"Of course he is, and you know it."

"What for?"

"Murder."

"Murder; who is murdered?"

"McCluskey, Baker, and Morton."

"There must be some mistake about it. He went to arrest Baker and Morton, and McCluskey was his deputy."

"But the devil murdered all three of them."

"Impossible."

"But true; your bodies have just been found near McSwain's rancho and brought in."

While Brady was conversing with old John, Hindman mingled with the herders, and soon gained all the information he wanted concerning the escaped outlaw.

Watching his opportunity, he beckoned the sheriff aside and said:

"I know where he is now."

"Where?"

"He went in the direction of McSwain's ranch, and we will doubtless find him there."

The two mounted their horses and galloped down the road after the Kid.

"I believe," said the sheriff, "that old John Chisum is aiding that little villain to escape."

"I know it," Hindman answered. "A cow-boy saw old John in conversation with Billy, and he held Billy's horse while the little demon went in and got his rifle. When Billy came out he gave him some advice, and the Kid rode away in this direction."

"The little demon then has his rifle?" said the sheriff, with some concern.

"He has," replied Hindman.

"Then we will have no easy task before us. We must keep a sharp lookout, for if he gets the drop on us, we are as good as dead men."

The men rode at a swift gallop until the ranch of McSwain was in sight.

McSwain's house was situated in the suburbs of the town of Lincoln. It was a costly edifice, built of hewn stone, the finest house in the country; was constructed so strong that it would make an excellent fort.

The buildings were surrounded by an adobe wall, about four feet high, surmounted by pickets of iron.

"Hold!" said Hindman, drawing rein, as they came in full view of the house.

"What is the matter?" asked the sheriff, following his example.

"I see the devil now!"

"Where?"

"Look right over that adobe wall that surrounds McSwain's house."

The officer did as directed, and caught sight of a small head peeping over the wall. The small basilisk eyes gleamed like the orbs of a serpent. He had a brimless cap on his head, and was a poor object for a shot with a pistol at that range.

Notwithstanding the desperate character of the Kid, the officers evidently thought he would surrender to them and stand his trial, especially as the chances were good for his coming clear.

"Come out of there, Billy," cried the sheriff. No response came, and the boy watched his would be captors.

"I will advance on him, George, and do you keep a close watch on his movements. Have your revolver ready, and if he makes an effort to use his arms, shoot him down."

It was evident that the sheriff did not appreciate the desperate character with which he had to deal.

He left Hindman standing in the road, holding his horse by the bit, while he advanced to get nearer the Kid.

"Billy!" the sheriff shouted.

"Is that you, sheriff?" asked Billy.

"Yes, it is; come out of there!"

"What for?"

"I want to see you."

"Come in then."

"Come out."

"I'll not do it."

"Then I'll be compelled to make you."

"You had better go on, and let me alone."

"I shall not do it; you must come with me as my prisoner."

"A prisoner? What am I to be arrested for?"

"Murder."

"Murdering who?"

"Baker, Morton, and McCluskey."

"They were prisoners, and tried to escape."

"McCluskey was no prisoner."

"But he was trying to aid them in escaping, and I shot him down."

"Come out of there, Billy, and stand your trial like a man."

"I will not do it."

"Then you must take the consequences," said the sheriff, advancing his horse to the adobe wall.

The Kid made a movement, and the barrel of his rifle came above the wall.

Crack! went the pistol of Hindman; the ball whizzed within an inch of the boy's head.

Instantly his rifle was cocked and leveled at Brady. The sheriff saw his danger and tried to get his pistol off, but the nimble hands of Billy were too quick for him.

The sharp report of a rifle rang out, and Sheriff Brady grasped at the air a moment, then clung to the saddle.

The horse whirled about with such a momentum that the body was thrown from the saddle, and fell limp and lifeless at the roadside.

"Now for you!" shouted the Kid, leaping upon the wall and leveling his rifle at Hindman.

The deputy sheriff saw his danger and wheeled his horse to fly.

Crack! went the rifle, sharp and keen.

"Oh, Lord!" cried the man who clung to the saddle for a few moments, while the horse plunged madly down the road; then the body, losing its balance, fell to the road.

Both sheriff and deputy had been shot through the body, and both were dead.

"What have you been doing, Billy?" asked a voice in the yard, near where the murderer stood.

Turning, he beheld Mrs. McSwain, the beautiful and accomplished wife of one of his old employers.

"I have just been teaching a couple of fellows not to interfere with me," the lad replied, with the same cold, wicked smile on his face.

"I thought they had already learned that," the lady replied.

"It seems that these fellows had not; however, they will never bother me again; I must go now."

Descending from the wall, he walked across the beautiful lawn, and, mounting his horse upon the opposite side of the adobe wall, rode away.

It was doubtless the intention of Billy to leave the country, at least to quit Lincoln County, but another mystic line in the web of fate changed his purpose.

He left the village behind him, and was riding carelessly along the road, when he came across his steadfast friend, Tom O'Fallaher.

"Helloa, Billy, which way now?" cried Tom.

"I can't say," the Kid answered. "I rather thought it was best to get away from here."

"Been having more trouble?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"There seemed to be a conflict of authority between Sheriff Brady and me. We come together and I left him."

"Good!" said Tom, with an air of satisfaction. "You killed him, and I'm glad of it, for he is a — rascal, and has all along been in with Murphy, Dolan & Co."

"Where are you going?"

"To Texas, or anywhere to get out of here."

"No, no, don't think of that," said Tom. "Since the war is over so many of our fellows have been thrown out of employment, and we have organized a band of cow-boys. We want a captain, and you are the man."

In less than twenty-four hours Billy the Kid was in command of twenty of the worst desperadoes ever known in the territory of New Mexico.

They immediately began operations; robbing stage-coaches, stealing cattle, murdering, and plundering indiscriminately.

When the band was organized and began business, others joined until it swelled to a considerable force, commanded and controlled by Billy the Kid.

CHAPTER V.

TURNER IN PURSUIT OF THE BANDITS.

MARION TURNER was deputy sheriff of Lincoln county, and on the 8th day of June, 1879, he had a warrant placed in his hands for the arrest of Billy the Kid. There were five indictments for murder against the young rascal. His victims were Morton, Baker, McCluskey, Brady and Hindman.

Knowing how useless and dangerous it was, to attempt the capture of the Kid alone, and with an insufficient force, he organized a posse of thirty-five of the most experienced horsemen and riflemen in the entire country.

The posse selected were all fine-looking men, strong and wiry, men to whom fear was a stranger, and fatigue unknown.

Marion Turner was a young officer of manly bearing, brave and determined. He had engaged in the undertaking, and was determined that come what would, Billy the Kid should be put down.

When the Kid heard that Turner was after him, he said to his men:

"Boys, we will either have some hard fighting, or hard running to do before we are out of this. Turner is no common man."

His force consisted of sixty-three, and yet with that great odds in his favor, the Kid seemed to avoid an engagement.

The outlaws moved in a body up the Pecos Valley, followed by Turner and his posse.

On the evening of the 16th of June, one of the advance guard sighted two outlaws about three hundred yards away, riding very leisurely along.

He raised his rifle and fired, but his aim was inaccurate, and the men returning the shots without effect galloped on out of sight.

Turner hearing the report of rifles, galloped ahead of the main body of his men to learn the cause. On being informed what had occurred, he hurried up his main force. The portion of the country they were in was wild. The mountain ranges seemed to gradually approach each other until they evidently met a few miles further on, forming the Pecos pass or canon.

The grass grew almost as tall as the back of a horse, and formed an excellent ambushade, if the foe chose to make use of it.

The outlaws left a plain broad trail behind, which the frontiersmen found no difficulty in following.

The sun was nearly down when the men in advance fired on the two rear-guards of Billy the Kid, and night soon overtook both foe and officer's posse, not far apart.

The Kid passed out of Lincoln into San Miguel county on the head waters of the Pecos.

The outlaws encamped on one side of the stream, and Turner's posse on the other. All night long they could see each other's camp fires, and the settlers could hear the shouts and ribald songs of the cow-boys.

At dawn the sheriff had his men ready. After swallowing a cold breakfast, they moved cautiously forward on the enemy.

They were compelled to advance through a thick wood a fourth of a mile up the stream, where they came to a ford.

This they found guarded by a dozen cow-boys. The crack of a few rifles rang out on the morning air, and Turner, knowing that everything depended on instantaneous action, ordered a charge.

With a wild yell the frontiersmen dashed down the banks, into the stream, pouring in a deadly fire that swept six of the outlaws into eternity. The others fled, and before the main camp of Billy the Kid could be aroused, Turner and posse with horses and equipments had crossed the river.

The deputy sheriff then made a detour of the outlaws' camp, to take them in the rear.

They found the Kid on the alert and ready for battle.

Both forces adopted the old Indian method of fighting from behind trees; some on horseback, and some on foot.

The rapid discharge of fire-arms rang out, and columns of smoke arose in air, to soar away among the tree tops.

The sun arose to look down upon a scene of carnage.

Billy the Kid, with his usual reckless daring, went hither and thither along his line urging his men on by word and act. His shrill voice, sharp and clear, could be heard above the roar of battle.

His unerring rifle cracked frequently, and seldom without results disastrous to his assailants.

Turner and his men hugged the trees and fought desperately. The cow-boys were forced to fall back and recross the Pecos. Turner was close at their heels and commenced a running fight which lasted for three days.

The first day the cow-boys, under their youthful leader, stubbornly resisted every inch of ground.

But little progress was made, and at night the two forces worn out, encamped within sight of each other, not five miles from the ford where the battle commenced.

During the night, rumor spread among the men of the Kid, that Lieut. Col. Dudley, with two companies of colored troops, was advancing to reinforce Turner.

"Well, Billy, what had we better do?" asked Tom O'Fallaher, who had been raised to the responsible position of first lieutenant.

"Do? why we must get back to Lincoln as soon as we can," said the Kid.

"To Lincoln! why we fled from that place?"

"Well, if we did, we have more friends there than elsewhere. Chisum and McSwain will stay by us to the last."

"But we will be running right into the hands of the soldiers."

"We will find them run their hands into us, if we remain here."

"When will you retreat; to-night?"

"No, not before morning, the men are tired, and want sleep."

"That Turner is a devil," said Tom.

"He can't be hit with lead," said the Kid.

"Nonsense."

"It is true."

"Why do you think so?"

"I had a dozen fair shots at him to-day, and never touched him. The man my rifle cannot bring down is a witch or a devil."

"His men are all desperate fighters."

"I never struck a harder lot."

"They have driven us at every point to-day."

"We will recruit some men, when we get to Lincoln, and capture the town. Once inside we will fortify the place and bid defiance to everybody."

"Do you think we can count on Chisum and McSwain?" asked Tom.

"I am sure of it; they told me again and again that they would be willing to aid me in such emergencies as this."

The next morning the echoes of the woods awoke with sharp detonations, at early dawn. The firing was slower and more deliberate than the day before, but, the range being greater, was less effective.

Both bodies moved out of the timber into the level plain and kept moving all day, exchanging an occasional shot.

"I will give a reward of a thousand dollars to any man who will bring down Billy the Kid," said Turner, who had fired a number of times at the young desperado without effect.

"You might double that reward and have no fears of losing a cent of the reward," replied Reuben Miles, an old plainsman and hunter, "who could ever get a bead on that thin streak of a little devil, that flits from place to place so rapidly as not to be seen."

The daring acts of Billy on the three days' running fight would fill volumes. Not an hour passed that he did not recklessly expose his life. Sometimes riding at a hard

gallop in front of the advancing posse, he would empty every shot of his repeating rifle at them, and escape unhurt amid a storm of balls.

On the evening of the third day, the outlaws, an hour ahead of their pursuers, entered Lincoln amid shouts and yells. McSwain opened his doors to them, and offered his beautiful dwelling as a fortification. The Kid was not slow to avail himself of it.

McSwain with twenty ranchmen even volunteered to assist in defending the outlaws.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE AT M'SWAIN'S HOUSE.

McSWAIN'S house was almost a fortification in itself, yet not a little time was spent in strengthening the adobe wall that surrounded it, and in arranging the furniture for the best possible defense.

McSwain's beautiful wife did all in her power to encourage the desperadoes. Her graceful form could be seen moving here and there, putting a bandage around a wounded arm, or a plaster on a cut. She was as brave as she was beautiful, and displayed an energy worthy of a better cause.

Tom O'Fallaher had taken a position on the roof to watch for the enemy.

"Here they come like devils," he cried to those below him.

"Inside all," shouted Billy, as the thunder of hoofs was heard coming down the street. "Now don't waste a shot. Take aim, and drop your man. Give 'em —!!!"

The last command was accompanied by a rattling volley of fire-arms, that might well answer the demand of the chieftain.

Wild yells arose upon the air. Never had the little town of Lincoln witnessed such a scene.

"Crack, crack, crack!!" rang the shots from the repeating-rifle of Billy the Kid, and his bullets made fearful havoc among the ranks of the assailants.

"Stand your ground, brave cow-boys!" he yelled, sharp and clear above the roar of battle, springing to the eastern side of the inclosure, where the enemy were endeavoring to make a breach in the wall.

With a revolver in each hand, he poured a constant stream of fire and leaden hail in the face of his foe, which withered their ranks so that they were compelled to retire.

"Hurrah! hurrah! my brave lads," shouted McSwain, fighting like a demon. "Strike hard, and strike home. Hurl back the fiends, sweep them from the face of the earth."

Leaping on the adobe wall, he emptied both barrels of his shot gun in the face of the officers' posse.

The storm of bullets and buck-shot was more than even the hardy herdsmen of Marion Turner could endure, and they fell back to a respectful distance, leaving several dead and wounded near the adobe wall.

Sheltering themselves behind houses, walls, fences, and boulders of stone, the assailants commenced a rifle practice on the inmates of the house.

On the second morning of the siege, Colonel Dudley, with two companies of soldiers, arrived on the scene, and at once opened fire on the outlaws.

"We have the infernal niggers on us now," said the Kid to Tom, as he observed the reinforcement.

"They will not fight, and we will be able to whip a thousand such vagabonds, in this house," replied Tom.

The outlaw had taken for his headquarters the parlor of Mrs. McSwain, a room that was elegantly furnished.

"Have courage," said Mrs. McSwain, entering the parlor; "do not despair, and I will give you some music to encourage you."

The troops opened a terrible fire on the house, the balls

rattling like hail against the walls, and through the windows.

Mrs. McSwain opened the piano, and as coolly as though she was entertaining an evening party, seated herself before it.

Her jeweled fingers ran over the keys and sent forth soul-stirring notes.

High above the roar of battle, crash of bullets and cries of combatants, rose the sweet clear voice, in soul-stirring battle songs.

The sound of that beautiful voice and sweet-toned piano, in such cheering strains, seemed to make demons out of the outlaws.

"Fight lads, shoot them down!" shouts the youthful outlaw chief. "Let your battle-cry be, 'Billy the Kid, forever.'"

Yell upon yell arose, and still plainly could be heard the notes of the piano, and sweet voice of the singer.

The sheriff's posse and soldiers heard it.

"Turner," said Lieut.-Col. Dudley, "do you hear that?"

"What?"

"Is not that some one singing in the house?"

"It certainly is."

"And don't you hear a piano?"

"I do."

"Can you make out what it means?"

"No, I cannot. Can you?"

"Only that some woman is singing in there to encourage the thieves, and her voice puts the devil in every man. It makes them worse than if they had taken gun-powder and brandy."

"It certainly does," said Turner.

Sweet and clear above the hum of battle rang the silvery voice, and accompaniment.

Turner listened for a few moments in amazement, and then said:

"I have it now."

"What, or who is?" asked Col. Dudley.

"McSwain's wife."

"The owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Heavens, is she insane?"

"No; both she and her husband have always sided with Billy the Kid. He was long in the employ of Chisum and McSwain."

"Well, why is she singing and playing that piano on such an occasion as this?"

"To encourage the outlaws. There goes the Scottish war song."

High, sweet and clear, rose the famous old

WAR SONG.

"To horse—to horse! the standard flies
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze—
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true;
Our casques the leopards spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

Oh! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot's valor, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave.

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In freedom's temple born;
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn.

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!

Adieu each tender tie!

Resolved we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse—to horse! the sabers gleam:

High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie;
Our word is *Love and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!"

Yell upon yell arose high above the battle din at the conclusion. Showers of bullets and buck-shot were poured into the advancing columns of soldiers.

The cow-boys seemed like madmen, and were perfectly reckless in their resistance.

"What woman or devil would dare sing during such a fight as this?" said Dudley.

"No woman but McSwain's wife," replied Turner. "They are Scotch descent, and the song is a favorite of hers."

"Turner, we must put an end to that music."

"How will you do it?" asked Turner.

"Get the direction of the infernal instrument, and shoot it to pieces," replied the colonel.

"But that would jeopardize the life of the woman."

"Cannot help that. The infernal instrument must be shattered. It is doing more devilment than a dozen rifles. It inspires the cowardly cow-boys to acts of devilment beyond description."

Twenty men with heavy rifles got the range of the piano from the sweet notes it sent forth, and began to fire into it.

The first ball that pierced the beautiful rose-wood frame did not disturb the fair singer. But another, another, and another crashing through it with such ruinous effect, induced even the brave Mrs. McSwain to abandon it. In a few minutes the key-board was shattered to pieces, and the beautiful instrument useless.

Night settled over the scene. The hope of the outlaws was well-nigh gone. The yard and house were filled with the dead and wounded.

In sullen, gloomy silence the doomed men awaited their fate.

When morning came, the assailants waited until the sun was well up before they renewed the contest. Then they advanced slowly upon the house, pouring in a steady fire all the while.

Turner determined that the struggle which had begun six days before, should end before the sun set.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, he had six men prepared with buckets of coal oil, and then dashed on the house with all his force.

A storm of bullets and buckshot met them, yet the oil was poured over the side of the house, veranda, and into the doors and windows.

Being almost instantaneously ignited, the house was in flames.

"We must cut our way out," cried the Kid, and with a shrill cry, he and his friend Tom led the way, followed by McSwain and the others.

A terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued. Pistol shot answered pistol shot at such close quarters, the muzzles passed.

McSwain was shot through the head, and fell dead in the arms of his wife.

In the break from the burning house the Kid's partner, Tom O'Fallaher, the small boy from Texas, noticed one of his friends fall.

Amid a perfect storm of ball and buckshot, he coolly returned and picked up his comrade. He was carrying him away when he discovered he was dead, then, dropping the body, he drew his pistol and knife, and fought like a demon by the side of the Kid, until the two had escaped to their horses.

Vaulting in the saddles, they galloped away amid a storm of bullets.

In this last melee six soldiers and two of Turner's posse, with twelve of the Kid's cow-boys, were killed. Never was a fight longer or bloodier, considering the numbers engaged.

CHAPTER VII.

GOVERNOR WALLACE'S PARDON.

MARION TURNER and Col. Dudley made no effort to pursue the Kid and the remnant of his band that had escaped. Six days hard fighting was too much for even men of iron.

Their men were exhausted, many of them wounded, horses worn out, and in fact they felt willing, for the time being, to let the Kid alone.

Billy and Tom galloped out of the town about four miles and halted in a small valley. It was late in the evening, and both were powder-grimed, dust-covered and exhausted, but by no means conquered.

"What do you think of this Billy," asked Tom.

"What do you think was the answer?"

"Dun no."

"They've about got enough of us."

"Should think so."

"It was a glorious fight, Tom."

"You bet it was, Billy, an' one could well afford to cave in on such a scrimmage as that. What will you do, Billy? Leave the country?"

"Not by a jug full."

"Surrender?"

"Not much."

"Get a pardon from the governor?"

"Not by my askin'."

"What then?"

"Reorganize."

"The band?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

"You like the plan?"

"You bet I do."

"Some of the boys escaped?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea how many?"

"No, but several."

"They will come to us."

"You bet they will."

"And all be true grit as ever?"

"You can depend on 'em, Billy, to the death."

"We must hunt 'em up, Tom."

"How'll you go about it, when they are scattered fur and wide?"

"Wait here until they come up to us. When it is known the old band is to be reorganized they will flock to our standard."

The Kid did not miscalculate his men. That very evening he picked up four who had escaped the fight, and the next day six more. With a force of ten, he robbed a ranch, fifteen miles from Lincoln, and stopped the mail-coach, deliberately robbing the passengers.

He, as usual, gathered about him a band of outlaws equally bad as the former.

About this time Axtell was removed from the governorship of the territory, and Col. Lew Wallace appointed in his place.

A weaker man for the occasion could not have been selected. Wallace evidently intended to do right, but was too easily influenced. Chisum was one of the most wealthy and influential men in the Territory, and wealth and influence is sure to capture a governor.

Chisum went up to Santa Fe, and represented to the new governor that he had been very badly imposed on. His stock had been stolen and his employees slain. He repre-

sented that Billy the Kid was but a child, and that what he had done, the boy believed he was doing in self-defense, or as an officer of the law.

The naturally romantic mind of the old governor took in all that was said by the astute villain.

Here was a boy who possessed one of the greatest virtues, bravery, and he lost sight of the crimes he had committed. A proclamation was issued, pardoning all the parties engaged in the Lincoln county outbreak, and commanding them to lay down their arms and go home in peace.

The generous governor included in his pardon even army officers who had been engaged in the outbreak.

Nothing could have been more absurd or outrageous than the allusion to army officers; putting them on a level with cow-boys, thieves and plunderers. Col. Dudley was exasperated beyond measure, and he denounced the governor in round terms.

The Lieut. Colonel Dudley and Marion Turner had only been engaged in enforcing, or attempting to enforce the execution of a writ, issued from a court of justice.

Scarce had the trump of peace been sounded than Mrs. McSwain determined to prosecute the murderers of her husband, and recover damages for the home that had been destroyed.

Oscar Chapman was a shrewd unscrupulous attorney in Los Vegas, yet a man with considerable reputation as a lawyer. She employed Chapman to prosecute the criminals, and procure damages for the destruction of her property.

Chapman came over to Lincoln and began to promptly stir up the strife anew. He was loud in his denunciations of Marion Turner, Col. Dudley, and all engaged in the effort to capture the Kid.

Silas Rodgers was a man honest and upright after the fashion of frontiersmen. He was brave, and had shot two or three in brawls, but was not regarded as quarrelsome.

One day he met Chapman in a saloon. Chapman had been drinking, and was uttering the most bitter anathemas against every one opposed to Chisum and McSwain.

There is no doubt but that old John Chisum was at the bottom of the new trouble.

Rodgers had been a drover under the employ Murphy, Dolan & Co., and was one of Marion Turner's posse. He was not pleased with the turn affairs had taken, and could ill brook such language.

"They are all cattle thieves and murderers," said the lawyer, bringing his fist on the table with a crash.

"Who are thieves and murderers?" demanded Silas Rodgers, his brow growing dark.

"Turner and his cut-throats, who murdered McSwain," replied the lawyer.

"Be careful ye legal rooster how ye flop yer wings around me, I was one o' them chaps. I was with Turner."

"You was, you ugly owl. I am going to hang you for a contemptible thief."

"Look 'ee here, you mutton head son o' a race of liars, do you intend to call me a thief?" cried Silas

"I do."

"Then you are a liar."

"You cowardly bull stealer, do you tell me I lie?" shouted the lawyer, bracing himself in front of Silas with some difficulty; determined to be brave if he died for it.

"I do," Silas answered.

"Take that."

"Spat," came the open hand of the lawyer against the sun-burned cheek of the herder. This is something no herder will endure.

Silas' hand clutched his pistol, and reeling and smarting under the blow, he snatched it from his belt.

Click, click—bang! went the weapon before any one could interfere.

With a groan Chapman sank to the floor, a corpse.

When Governor Wallace heard of the death of Chapman he was so incensed that he arose with all the power and majesty of a little territorial official with a tin ear, and went

down into Lincoln County. He outlawed Turner, his posse and all the officers of the law that had been fighting Chisum and McSwain, the Kid, and the train of demons they had under them.

To make his gubernatorial act still more outrageous, the weak-minded governor had Turner, Rodgers and eleven others put in irons. Even the brave Colonel Dudley was relieved of his command, and put under arrest. Thieves rejoiced, but honest people were indignant.

CHAPTER VIII.

TURNER'S PERSECUTIONS.

THROUGH the intrigue of old John Chisum and manipulations of Gov. Lew Wallace, who now seemed fully identified with the bandits, twenty-one indictments were found against Marion Turner for murder, arson and cattle stealing.

For forty days and nights he and his companions lay in jail. They were then brought before the court. Thank Heaven, the territorial court and jury were either more intelligent or more honest than the governor!

After a lengthy trial, in which Billy, the Kid, now clothed with all the rights of a peaceful citizen, appeared as chief witness, they were all acquitted.

When the jury returned a verdict of not guilty in Turner's case, a shout of joy went up from the audience, or the honest part of it.

Old John Chisum was the very picture of a fiend incarnate.

"You will find we are not through with you yet," said Chisum to Turner before they left the court-room.

"You old cow-stealer, if you had your just deserts you would be in the penitentiary!" said Turner.

"Be careful, Marion Turner, how you talk," said Billy the Kid, who stood near Chisum. "You have escaped us once, but this thing is not over with yet."

"You cowardly little thief, if you had only had the spunk you assume, and stood your ground up on the Pecos, I would have cut your throat, and rid the world of a curse!"

With an oath, Billy snatched his pistol, but before he could use it half a dozen pairs of hands snatched his arm, and tore it from him.

"Never mind, Billy," said Chisum, as they walked away, "we will be even with him yet, never fear."

The two left the court-room, arm-in-arm, and it is certain that the Kid spent that night with Chisum.

From that time forth persecutions in every conceivable manner began against Turner. His cattle were stolen, horses poisoned, and worse than all, a thousand lies were circulated to poison the public mind against him.

Thief, perjurer, and murderer, were soon among the mildest epithets addressed to him. Turner bore it all with meekness.

He was indicted in every court and paid out over six thousand dollars attorney fee, besides the loss of time.

Turner became attached to a beautiful girl, to whom he gave his warmest affections.

His love was returned. Chisum set ardently to work with all the ferocity and determination of a devil to break the young heads.

The young lady's name was Hattie Phillips, and she was living with Surgeon Appel of the Ninth cavalry. The surgeon was a cousin of hers, and was evidently an unprincipled man; at least his subsequent acts proved it.

To him Chisum applied with all his devilish determination to ruin Marion Turner.

"Do you know this man your cousin is to be married to?" asked Chisum.

"Turner? do you mean Marion Turner?"

"Yes it is he I am talking about."

"I am not intimately acquainted with him, and I do not know that my cousin is to marry him," the surgeon replied.

"Well she is, surgeon, and the fellow is a perfect scamp," said Chisum.

"I cannot believe it, Mr. Chisum; he has been here frequently, and seems a gentleman. I—I beg your pardon, but you must be mistaken."

"I am telling you the square truth: the fellow has been indicted for murder, arson and theft, and almost every offense known to the criminal calendar."

"But was he not acquitted by a jury?" asked the surgeon.

"By a jury, yes, but it was a packed jury of the worst kind. Do you not know that Governor Wallace outlawed him?"

"No."

"Well it is true. I tell you, surgeon, that I would give five hundred dollars myself rather than have the scoundrel marry your cousin. This may seem strange to a man who is not related to either party; but I am interested in your cousin, and do not wish to see her come to ruin."

"Do you know that it is their intention to be married?"

"I do," said Chisum, for a faithful ally of his had eavesdropped the young couple, and knew the hour that ceremony was to take place.

"When are they to be married?"

"On the morning of the 27th of September, at the hotel in Lincoln."

"Well, I will just balk that little game," said the surgeon, "by sending her to her uncle Frederick C. Godfrey in Michigan."

"Do not do that yet," said the old villain, who had a more devilish plan on foot. His design was to publicly humble and crush his enemy. "Wait until the 27th, then come forward and claim your relative—she is under age—and prevent her marriage then and there. Besides, the scoundrel can be indicted for marrying a minor without the consent of her parents or guardian. How old is Miss Phillips?"

"Just sixteen."

"Good; if he attempts to marry her, we will have him fast."

The old villain went away chuckling at the thought that he was on the road to vengeance.

In the meanwhile the lovers, with bright prospects in the future, were making arrangements for their nuptials.

The glorious day of their wedding dawned. Happy bride in prospective, and equally happy groom. The sun arose bright and clear in the heavens, and the hour of the ceremony drew slowly on.

Sweet Hattie Phillips never looked more bewitching than when decked in her bridal robes. On the evening before she had slipped away from her cousin's house, and gone to the hotel. At the hour she was dressed and awaiting the arrival of her soon to be husband.

Marion Turner never looked more brave than at that hour, when he entered the room where the beautiful Nettie was awaiting him.

Never will Nettie forget that hour, that moment. Though torn from the manly breast she loved so well, and borne across plains, mountains, and dark rolling rivers, yet that picture of manly beauty can never fade from her memory.

Though slanderous tongues have lied about Turner, until his fair fame is pointed to her blacker than Satan, yet she cannot forget how grand, how noble, he looked on that occasion.

With a little cry of joy she arose to meet him.

"Oh, Marion, Marion, have you come at last?" she said.

"I have, my darling Nettie; am I not on time?" he answered.

"I suppose you are, but oh! I am so nervous to-day. I feel that something awful is going to happen to us."

"Have no fears of anything, my dear. I am with you, and no one shall harm you. We will soon be one in law, and then I will protect you with my life."

"But those dreadful men, of which there are so many,

who I believe would murder you; they may kill you at any time."

"My little darling, what makes you so uneasy to-day? this day of all others, when you should be happy? Our wedding day."

"I cannot say, Marion; but oh, my dear Marion, I do so fear that man Chisum, and that bad-looking boy that always hangs around with him."

"Have you seen Chisum lately?" asked Turner.

"He has been conversing with my cousin, Surgeon Appel, for several days."

"The old thief is hatching up more mischief," said Turner, reflectively. "He ought to be in the penitentiary."

At this moment the attendants entered with the announcement that all was ready.

A more beautiful pair, one of manliness and courage, and the other of womanly sweetness, was never married in New Mexico.

The ceremony was said that made them one. At two, a banquet was prepared, and the few guests invited seated at the table. The cook of the hotel had done his best, and the table fairly groaned under its load of good things.

The bride and groom were seated, and the other guests had taken their places about the table.

A messenger came to the groom to announce that a stranger wished to see him. Turner arose and, chancing to glance out of the window, saw the yard filled with negro soldiers. At the door he met old John Chisum.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means," replied Chisum, with a hideous grin on his ugly face, "that Surgeon Appel has come after his cousin. She is under age, and he is to take her away."

Turner endeavored by every means to avoid a scene, and have the surgeon and the two companies of the 9th cavalry go away, but entreaties were useless.

The bride who, becoming alarmed, had approached her husband, was seized. Turner began to resist, but was seized by twenty negro soldiers, and held fast.

"Oh, my darling husband, do not let them take me away! Do not—do not!"

What husband would not exert himself on such an appeal. The soldiers of the 9th cavalry were large powerful men, but he hurled them aside like so many children.

Once he had approached, and fought his way so near his wife, as to touch her hand, but he was seized and hurled to the earth, while she was hurried away. The last that Turner ever heard of that beloved voice, was:

"Oh, my husband, my darling husband, do not let them separate us."

She was dragged away from Lincoln, and sent to her uncle, Fredrick C. Godfrey, in Monroe county, Michigan. They placed her in a seminary, where she remains to this day.

Her husband is in New Mexico, a sad wreck of what he once was.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KID'S ATTEMPT ON COL. DUDLEY.

AFTER the acquittal of Turner and his men at the trial in Lincoln, the Kid was strongly advised by his friends to leave the country. He reluctantly consented, though it was plain to be seen that he had by no means given up his ideas of lawlessness.

"There is one scoundrel I am determined to kill before I leave," said Billy one day to his former employer, John Chisum.

"Who do you mean?" asked the cattle king.

"Col. Dudley, the man who brought down the nigger soldiers from Fort Stanton to capture me."

"Do not think of such a thing, Billy, but go away at once. Another desperate act of blood, and even the influence of myself and Gov. Wallace cannot save your neck."

The Kid hung his head in sullen silence, and remained thus some time. Then, arising to his feet without a word of reply, he went away.

"That young demon is a born murderer," said old Chisum, as the murderer and desperado left.

It was not the natural goodness of heart on the part of Chisum, that he desired to save the life of Col. Dudley. The old reprobate had been mixed up with so much of the Kid's devilment, he began to fear that honest men would rise up in their might to put him out of the way, on some new outrage of that little demon.

Col. Dudley, whom Gov. Wallace had had arrested for his assistance in the attempt to capture the outlaws at the McSwain house, was undergoing a trial at Fort Stanton. A court martial, or court of inquiry, was investigating his case.

Judge Ira E. Leonard, formerly of Missouri, but now of New Mexico, had been employed by Mrs. McSwain to conduct the prosecution against Dudley, as being accessory to the murder of her husband, and burning her house. Judge Leonard, at the time a resident of Las Vegas, was accompanied to Fort Stanton by John McPherson, chief of police of Las Vegas.

McPherson had been with Quantrel during the war, and was himself a desperado. He was a short time after killed by some of the roughs of Las Vegas.

As he and Leonard were sitting in their room one night, during the Dudley trial, discussing the probabilities of a conviction, there came a tap at their window.

"What can that mean?" asked Judge Leonard, naturally a little nervous.

"I do not know," said McPherson, "but I will open the shutter and see."

"Do not, do not, for the world," cried the frightened lawyer. "Some armed desperado may be out there to shoot us down."

The judge lived in constant dread, during the trial of Col. Dudley, lest some of the desperadoes should become offended, and seek his life.

McPherson, who, to use a phrase common in the West, "had been there," had no such fears.

"Oh, bosh, judge," he said, "don't be so timid as to be afraid of your shadder," and he rose and swung open the shutter.

The small form of Billy the Kid leaped nimbly through, into the room.

"Hello, Billy, is that you?" said the lawyer, somewhat reassured.

"It certainly is," the boy replied, with that devilish smile playing on his thin face which always appeared when he meant murder.

"What do you want here, Billy?" asked McPherson.

"I come to put an end to this trial," he said. The young fellow had a belt about his waist, which literally bristled with knives and revolvers.

"Who with—Dudley?" asked McPherson.

"Yes."

"How?"

"I came to kill the scoundrel."

"Oh! Billy, you must not think of such a thing," said the lawyer.

"But I will; I'll shoot him. Which room is he in?"

Dudley was in the room just across the hall at this moment, in consultation with his attorneys, and there was some danger of his carrying out the threat.

"Why do you wish to kill him, Billy?" asked McPherson, with a coolness that was necessary on such an occasion.

"He is a scoundrel, and too mean to live," was the Kid's reply.

"There are so many scoundrels in this world, that one cannot kill them all."

"But he tried to kill me."

"We are now trying him for that offense, and if convicted he will be hung, which will certainly be more pleasant," said Judge Leonard.

"No, but he will be acquitted just like Turner and his gang."

"No, no, we have all assurance of a conviction," said the lawyer, hoping to get rid of the little desperado.

"But I can end it all right here, just by killing him and getting it over at once."

"No, no no!" cried Judge Leonard, "an attempt of that kind would create a sympathy for him, and we could not convict him at all. If you desire me to successfully prosecute the cases against him and his followers, you must be on your good behavior. I can do nothing if such an attempt was to be made."

"If I can get one crack at him with my revolver, I don't care whether he is convicted or acquitted."

"But be reasonable, Billy; you are not the only one interested in this."

"It is the wish of all that I kill him."

"You must not do so."

"But I will."

"You must not."

"Where is he?"

"I do not know," answered the terrified lawyer, "but do not think he is in this house."

"I believe he is. I saw him come here not an hour ago."

"You must have been mistaken."

"No, I am not. He is in that room right across the hall. I'll just step in there, and in half a minute can put an end to a three weeks' trial."

"Heavens, boy, you must not do that!" cried the almost frantic lawyer.

"No, Billy," said McPherson. "Listen to reason. You are friends to us, and you do not wish to do anything that will get us in trouble. Don't you see if you should go from here at this hour of the night to the room of Col. Dudley, and kill him, we would be implicated."

"But he must die!" cried the youth, becoming somewhat infuriated. "He murdered my men and killed my old boss, Alec McSwain. By —, I will kill him for that if for nothing else."

A new thought entered the mind of the lawyer, and it doubtless saved Col. Dudley's life.

"Billy," he said, "just wait a moment, and let me reason with you on this. Did you love McSwain, your old boss?"

"I did; better than ever I loved father, brother, or relative," was the reply.

"Do you love his widow?"

"More than my own mother."

"Would you do anything to injure her?"

"No, not to save my own life; but she wants him killed. I'll kill him just for her sake."

"Just wait a moment," said the lawyer, who, having regained all his coolness and self-possession, had his wits thoroughly about him.

"No, no, no! I cannot wait. Let me kill him, and I will come back and talk it over afterwards."

"Sit down, Billy, in this chair, and let me tell you something of which you have never thought. Don't be in a hurry: Colonel Dudley will not leave where he is to-night."

"But I must kill him."

"But wait until I reason with you. You love Mrs. McSwain?"

"I do, I swear it!" said the desperado, taking a seat near the lawyer.

The lawyer now had him safe. It was the power of a cultured, logical mind over an ignorant desperado, and when once left to reason education always conquers.

"You would not do anything to injure her?"

"Not to save my life," he repeated.

"If it would be better for you not to kill Dudley than to kill him, you would not do so?"

"But she wants him killed."

"You are mistaken, Billy," the lawyer answered, with a smile. "You remember her husband was killed?"

"Yes, and I'll kill him for that."

"Wait, wait! you remember that Dudley helped to burn her house, and made her homeless?"

"Yes, and I swear I'll kill him for that."

"Hold on, just wait. He has made her penniless and homeless."

"And he shall die for it!" cried the youth, starting up.

"Wait, wait," said the lawyer, smiling serenely again.

"Do you want to keep her homeless—do you want to make her a beggar for life?"

"No,"—sitting down again.

"She has civil suits for damages against Dudley and others, by which we hope to recover sufficient to make her at least comfortable. Now, if you should kill Dudley before this is done, there would be a sympathy for the murdered man, and Mrs. McSwain's last hope would be gone."

The reasoning was so clear and piercing that it even penetrated the thick skull of the Kid.

The lawyer followed it up with logical reasoning, until Billy was convinced that the death of Col. Dudley would be detrimental to the interest of his friends, and left by the same means he had entered.

Dudley was informed of the Kid's attempt on his life. At the trial the lieutenant-colonel was acquitted.

CHAPTER X.

A LIFE OF OUTLAWRY.

AFTER quitting the hotel in Lincoln, the Kid mounted his horse and galloped away to the Staked Plain, where old John Chisum had a ranch. Chisum was there at the time, and Billy demanded a thousand dollars for services he had rendered him.

Niggardliness was added to the other evils of old John Chisum, and he refused the moderate sum.

A quarrel ensued in which the Kid came very near taking the old reprobate's life, but was finally induced, partly through fear, and partly through influence of friends, to quit the ranch.

He was riding along the road in an aimless manner, when he again came upon his friend and partner, Tom O'Fallaher.

"Well, Billy, what now?" asked Tom.

"Old Chisum an' I have had a row," replied the Kid.

"What, you and he split?"

"We have."

"What about?"

"He owes me, and won't pay."

"Why blast his mug, take cattle enough to pay you."

The idea had never struck the Kid before. It was capital, and just the thing.

"I'll do it," he said. "We will organize the old band again, and prey upon his cattle. The old scoundrel, after all we have done for him, to be thrown aside for some new favorite."

"The old band and the good old times. The dashing down on ranches, and moonlight raids again; hip, hurrah for the jolly old band!"

The two rode along together.

"Do you know where the boys have scattered?" asked the Kid.

"The most of them are prowling about Lincoln and Fort Stanley."

"I'll lay about Staked Plains, and do you make your way to Lincoln and Fort Stanley. Tell the boys of our rallying place. As soon as we have a dozen we will commence business."

Tom went as directed, and the Kid slept that night on the ground. The next day Tom returned with ten desperadoes of the old band.

The greeting was warm, and they at once swore allegiance to the new organization. That very night they swept down on the herds of Chisum, and drove away three

hundred fat cattle. They had half the night to travel, and made good time. When dawn came they looked back and saw twenty or thirty horsemen in pursuit.

The Kid determined to give them battle, and hurrying the drove a mile or two further on, they came to a halt in a low piece of ground.

Dismounting they placed their horses in front of them, and with cocked rifles awaited the approach of the pursuers.

"Them chaps was once our friends, Billy," said Tom.

"What care we for that," replied the Kid. "They are all a set of — scoundrels, and ought to be killed."

The pursuers saw the herd ahead, and with wild shouts came on at full speed.

Coolly the Kid's men awaited their approach.

A volley of keen rifle shots rang out upon the air, and half a dozen of the pursuers plunged headlong from their horses.

The outlaws were armed with repeating-rifles and double-barreled shot-guns. The pursuers halted and fired a volley, which swept over the Kid's brigands on account of their being on low grounds.

Again a sharp volley from the outlaws rang out, this time bringing both men and horses to the earth.

The pursuers bolted.

Billy took advantage of the momentary check and cried:

"Mount quick!"

Instantly every man was in the saddle.

"Charge!"

With the rein in their teeth and a pistol in each hand, they swept down like an avalanche on the discomfited pursuers.

"Crack, crack, crack!" rang out the revolvers, sharp and keen, each bearing a death shriek with it.

The herdsmen of Chisum turned and fled, leaving half their original number dead or wounded on the plain.

The wounded were put to death.

An incident here will show the heartless cruelty of the Kid.

Among the wounded was George Dye, a former friend and acquaintance, who had remained true to the interest of John Chisum. His thigh was broken and his horse killed. The horse, in falling, fell on the sound leg of Dye, thus pinning him to the earth.

In this condition he was found by the Kid.

In vain Dye implored the desperado to spare his life, and called to his recollection the many days they had spent together, and their former friendship.

"It's no use to talk of that, George," said the Kid, with his murderous smile; "you make too good a mark where you lie." He cocked his pistol as he spoke, and aimed at his head.

"Oh! Billy, Billy," cried the terrified wretch, "for God's sake don't shoot me!"

"Hold your head still, George, so I will not disfigure your face much, and give you but very little pain."

The words were spoken in that cool, determined, blood-thirsty manner, as only the Kid could speak.

Billy's men, knowing the former good friendship that had existed between Billy and George, supposed he was only having some sport at his friend's expense; George evidently thought so too, for he ceased to struggle and avoid the aim, but with a fixed smile on his face gazed the Kid in the eye.

A moment the revolver was held with a breathless silence.

"Crack!" rang the shot George Dye's head fell upon the grass along-side his dead horse. The fatal bullet had pierced his forehead.

The Kid's force increased to twenty-five men, and he embarked on a career of lawlessness never before known in the annals of crime. How many murders he committed, how many cattle he stole, how many daring deeds of devilry he performed, will never be known, until the dark

deeds of cow-boys, congressmen, governors, thieves, law makers and law-breakers, are laid bare to the world.

* * * * *

The stage-coach running from Silver City to Lincoln, was one night stopped by a dozen armed desperadoes, in February, 1881.

The first intimation the driver had of any one in the road was a tall, powerful man leaping out, and grasping the leading horses by the bits. He had half drawn his pistol, when a cold ring of iron was laid against his cheek.

Turning, he beheld Billy the Kid sitting on the seat by his side. The young outlaw had in the confusion ascended unperceived to the box, and now sat with cocked revolver pointed at his head.

"Surrender, sir!" said the Kid in his sharp, clear tones; "if you make an effort of resistance, I will shoot you dead in your tracks."

The driver now knowing his danger, concluded it would be best to remain quiet. He was acquainted with Billy, and knew his deadly character.

For once, the robbery was effected without bloodshed. The coach had been stopped in a dark mountain pass, and was instantly surrounded by a dozen ruffians.

Two or three torches were lighted and the passengers ordered to alight. The mail bags were ripped open, and money taken from them. Then two or three express packages containing money.

Among the passengers was a dark-eyed girl, from eighteen to twenty years of age. She was beautiful, and calmly awaited her fate. Others were crying and bewailing their sad fate, but she was calm. Some were begging to retain a portion of their treasure, but the robbers were relentless and every thing was taken.

As Billy was passing in front of the young lady he paused and gazed at her sharply.

"Nettie—Nettie Jones," he said, "is that you?"

"It is," she said, with a smile, extending her pure innocent hand, to grasp the blood-stained palm of the outlaw. "This is Billy the Kid, who was once in Silver City."

"Yes, who was in jail over there," he replied, "and whom you aided to escape. Nettie, I am glad I have met you; these men are all mine, and you shall be my queen."

The beautiful face turned pale at this assertion, and she began to implore him to allow her to go on. She offered every valuable she had, and promised to send him more.

"No, no, my dear," he responded, "you are the richest jewel I could find, I will give you up for none."

"Oh, Billy, for Heaven's sake, for the kindness I once rendered you, allow me to go."

The Kid swore Nettie should be his wife, and when the stage rolled on, she was left behind with the outlaws.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

The last atrocious act of Billy the Kid aroused the public against him more than all the murders he had committed. Pat Garret, Deputy Sheriff of Lincoln County, organized a posse to meet the desperadoes who were being chased by a body of citizens, under Jones, of Silver City, determined on the capture of his daughter Nettie.

The hands were so closely pursued that Nettie escaped, wandered for two days in the forest and prairie, and was found by her father's party, half famished and insane. She was taken home, but died in a few weeks from a fever, brought on by ill-treatment and exposure.

Finding that the outlaws were encamped in a small bottom, Pat Garret descended on them one night.

His men were furious, and poured in a fearful volley, which killed half the outlaws. Tom O'Fallaher was among the slain, and Billy the Kid made prisoner.

"You infamous black-souled murderer," said Garret, as he put the irons on his prisoner, "you shall swing for some of your devilment."

"Never fear," said the Kid; "they dare not harm me. I have too many friends in New Mexico for them to permit me to suffer death. We will escape."

Upon his arrest, the Kid promptly applied to Chisum, whom he had of late been fighting, and various other persons, for aid. But for once the young murderer found himself deserted by all. Even the romantic old Wallace failed to come to his relief.

He was taken by Pat Garret to Mesilla, where he was tried, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged in the town of Lincoln.

One beautiful May-day the town of Lincoln was thrown into a state of excitement, by the information that the notorious outlaw, Billy the Kid, was in the village.

Numbers flocked to see him, and none could believe that the pale-looking boy, with his mild blue eyes, delicate frame, and sweet, sad face, was the noted outlaw and desperado.

Billy was under a strong guard, heavily ironed, and in charge of Deputy-Sheriff Bell.

"Is that little fellow the great outlaw?" asked one citizen of another. "He is, and he is terrible."

"But that little cuss hurt anybody!" said a big bully from Texas. "He is the most dangerous man in all New Mexico," said a by-stander who had known Billy.

"That poor little fellow going to be hanged?" sighed a lady, as she paused to look upon him.

"Yes," answered Bell, who had Billy in charge. "He is a monster, and has been condemned to suffer death."

"Oh, dear me! do let him go! He is so young, so beautiful to die."

The officer smiled, and said that was something he could not do. "You might appeal to the governor though," he added, with some contempt. "He pardoned him once, and might do so again."

The lady, not understanding the meaning of the officer's expression, turned to a neighbor to express her sympathy for the poor little fellow who was soon to suffer death.

In the meanwhile the doomed youth had been sitting on the portico of an old house with an armed guard near.

"I can convey him to the jail," said Deputy Sheriff Bell to the guard. "There is no danger of any one attempting to rescue him."

"But he is so desperate, will you not be afraid of him?" asked one of the guard.

"Afraid of that little fellow, no," replied the deputy sheriff with a laugh. "Why, I could hold him if he should attempt to escape, even if he was free."

"We can go with you, if necessary," said one of the guard. "It is but a block to the jail, and will not be necessary," was the assuring answer of Bell.

"Then keep your eye peeled," said one of the guard as they both wended their way toward a saloon.

"Never fear," was Bell's answer, with a light laugh. The prisoner sat, during the discourse, between the officer and guards, apparently indifferent, yet drinking in every word. He formed a resolution that eclipsed the most daring act of any desperado on earth.

"Come, Billy," said the deputy, "we must go around to your new quarters."

The Kid arose apparently with some reluctance, descended from the porch, and started with Bell out into the street.

As soon as the street was reached, he turned upon Bell with the ferocity of a tiger, struck him over the head with his handcuffs such a blow as to confuse and stun him.

The Kid then, manœuvred as he was, snatched a pistol from Bell's belt, and shot him dead.

The shot was heard by Robert Ohlinger, who was a deputy United States marshal, and who had been a member of Turner's posse.

No sooner had the Kid shot Bell than he armed himself with the deputy's double-barreled shot-gun and revolver.

Robert Ohlinger, with gun in hand, came running around the corner of the house to see what had happened.

The Kid, seeing him coming, coolly cocked one barrel of the shot-gun, and cried:

"Hello, Bob!"

Ohlinger passed a second, thunderstruck in amazement. That moment's delay cost him his life.

His daring and audacity was not over yet. Bang! went the shot-gun in the hands of the Kid, and a whole charge of buckshot was poured into the unfortunate man's heart.

Thus in thirty minutes, ironed as he was, the young demon had committed two murders.

The people who witnessed the daring act were paralyzed with terror. His daring and audacity was not over yet.

The young monster then went back to the portico of the old house, where the dead men had been guarding him, and defied the town. No one dared oppose him, or make any effort toward his recapture.

He made one man knock his iron off, and covering another with the double-barreled shot-gun, ordered him to saddle a horse that was standing in the street. This done, he deliberately walked out, mounted, and galloped out of town, in the presence of the whole population.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF THE KID.

So desperate, remarkable and successful had been the plan of escape of Billy the Kid, that the more superstitious regarded him as immortal.

Wonderful stories were afloat as to his vanishing into air, and that soldiers had driven their sabers through his body without injuring him.

He was called a wizard, a spook, a devil, anything that was supernatural and horrible.

So common had become the belief that he could not be killed by a bullet of lead, that some of the hunters run bullets of silver to shoot him.

But there was one who did not believe the Kid was immortal.

That man was Deputy-Sheriff Pat Garret, the only man in New Mexico who had been able to capture him, since he had commenced his wild, daring career.

The Kid had sworn to kill Pat at sight, on account of the death of Tom O'Fallaher, his partner.

Garret knew that the little demon would make his threat good, unless some means were taken to prevent it.

He must either leave the country, or kill the Kid. Pat had no thought of doing the former. He was a man of too much nerve and personal pride to think of such a thing.

So he turned to his family, and armed with a short repeating rifle and a pair of revolvers, set out to find the Kid. A meeting was sure to be bloody, and end in the death of one or the other.

One afternoon, as Pat was walking along the banks of a creek, he met a Mexican with whom he was acquainted, named Riaz.

"Senior Riaz, do you know where the Kid is?"

The Mexican smiled, and asked:

"Does Senior American want to see the Kid?"

"I do."

"What for does the Senior want to see him?"

"Riaz, we are friends; by telling me where I can find Billy the Kid, you will save my life. I must be where I can see him, and he not me."

"Billy is one desperate man; he kills all who tell on him. If he finds out I give you information, he'll kill me."

"He shall never know it, Riaz. You are familiar with the Kid, and know where he will be likely to sleep to-night."

The Mexican reflected a moment and then said:

"He sleeps to-night at the house of Pete Maxwell."

Pete Maxwell's house, or ranch, was a rough adobe affair, with earthen floor, near Fort Sumner.

This was on the 14th day of August, 1881. Pat further ascertained from the Mexican that the Kid never went near the house until midnight, and that he left before daylight in order to avoid detection.

A short time before midnight Garrett went to Maxwell's house, and found the door open, but the building deserted. He went in and concealed himself in the dark corner, behind Maxwell's bed.

Here he waited with breathless anxiety, resting upon one knee, his rifle cocked.

A little after midnight the door of the house opened and the Kid entered.

[THE END.]

Instantly discovering, in spite of the darkness, that some one was in the room, he leveled his pistols at Garrett, demanding in Spanish:

"¿Quién es?"

The delay of asking was fatal.

"Crack!" went Pat Garrett's rifle, before the sentences were fairly out of his mouth. The bullet pierced his heart, and Billy the Kid, the terror of New Mexico, lay a lifeless corpse, while his blood dyed the dirt floor of Pete Maxwell's dark adobe hut.

Thus died the youngest and greatest desperado ever known in the world's history.

A reporter for one of the Western papers, who knew him, says:

"In personal appearance the Kid was anything but a desperado, or monster. He was very small and slender, being but about five feet two inches high, and not weighing over one hundred and twenty pounds. He had a plain, pleasant face, with thin sharp features, blue eyes, and light hair. He was calculated to make friends, and, strange as it may seem, he left many who sincerely mourned his death. One of the best men in the Territory said:

"I couldn't help feeling sorry, when I heard that boy was killed."

He was a splendid horseman and a dead shot. At his death he was nearly twenty-two years of age."

With proper culture, Billy the Kid might have made his mark in the world. His wonderful energy and remarkable bravery, had they been directed in the right channel, might have placed him on the pinnacle of fame, instead of giving him an early and ignominious grave.

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